

Pocahontas Co. Courthouse



H. M. McClinton's home



Law Office of H. M. McClinton



Hunting Camp
on
Williams River



"Let us show you"



"Sun Rise"

Some recollections of a Summer trip
to Cranberry in the long ago
and some other thoughts.

The memories of that good old way,
Come trooping up in bright array.
The start from "Lewisburg" with hack and team
It all seems now like a vivid dream.
The ride to "Frankfort" in the cool fresh air
Of the early dawn, and breakfast there.
We're off again at the crack of the whip,
With many a jest and merry quip
"Rahick" and "Spring Creek" are left behind.
And some time about, high noon we find
Ourselves a tired and hungry group,
Reaching "Sislers" at the foot of "Droop"
A rest in the shade, the team well fed,
Then dinner with nine kinds of "spread",
And all sorts of things to eat of the kind
Which thrifty house-wives somehow find,
Heaped up in dishes of mammoth size,
Before we learned to Hooverize.
Then over "Droop", the "Levels" pass'd through
We turn "Mill Point" and soon come in view,
Of the place which ends our first day's ride,
Where welcome and good cheer abide.

-----0-----

The start next morning, brought into play,
The skill of tying things on so they'd stay
A pack saddle looks like the old saw buck,
And holds like a bull dog full of pluck,
If the load's secured with the proper stitch
Known out West as the "Diamond Hitch".
Loading camp outfits on horses, to go
Over mountains, is some job, you must know
And failing to tie packs on just right,
They'll fall off before you're out of sight.
I see those packs now, all bound with rope,
As the pack train ascends the "Gentle Slope",
Fitching and swinging from side to side,
Yet holding as tight as the horse's hide

Our order and place, required some heed,
So "Joe" and "Kitty's Colt" took the lead
A place we willingly accorded "Joe"
Who was sometimes just a trifle slow,
And two things happened sure as fate,
If "Joe" got behind, supper was late
The troubles thus missed, would fill a book
For one brought the kitchen, the other was cook
Joe once said -- 'twas a real "Irish bull" stunt --
"I kept up all right when I steps in front".



From "Billy Sod", we climb to "Barlow Top",
 And there for rest and lunch we stop,
 Four thousand feet above the sea, and more,
 With startling views to please the eye, galore.
 Then on through forests, so wild and rough,
 That the going there was bad enough,
 Yet there we had the wonderful sight,
 Of Nature in primeval plight,
 Spread before us in all her glory,
 Beyond description, in this short story.
 Reaching "Red Run" we quenched our thirst,
 And mixed a drink, though it wasn't the first.
 Following the path, so dim and shady
 It leads us down to the waters of "Glady",
 Then to the "Forks" in time to make camp,
 Without the aid of Lantern or lamp.
 In time also, for a mess of fish,
 Of those spotted beauties--a royal dish--
 Quickly caught in the nearby pools,
 By skillful use of the anglers tools,
 Oh, what a place for camping out!
 With three ways to go for the wary trout,
 Fresh meat was scarce for the very good reason,
 That venison was not then in season.
 But what of that. The luscious blackberry,
 Grew right at hand in Camp Cranberry.
 And pies. Oh my! the "Chef" knew to a dot,
 What ought to go in and what ought not.
 He baked a pie of such wondrous size,
 Too big for the crowd, one might surmise.
 But to tell the truth, when dinner was o'er,
 There wasn't enough left to spot the floor.



It ended all when the lumbermen came,
 The trout disappeared and so did the game.
 Gone are the stately Hemlock and Pine
 Which grew so tall and straight and fine.
 Everything's gone which gave the place charm,
 And the weird "Hoo Hoo" of the Owl's night alarm
 As it echoes back from some deep abyss,
 Seems to ask "Who's responsible for this?"
 The answer old bird, I'll give to you,
 It's just one word, "Lumberman", that's who.
 The Lumbermen and the things they do
 Have spoiled the fishing and hunting too.
 They cut and destroy with furious haste,
 And leave the mountains a desolate waste,
 Of tree tops and young trees torn and cleft,
 Then comes the fire and takes what's left.
 "Hoo Hoo, is it lumbermen, say you?"
 Yes Lumbermen, that's who, that's who.



MEMORIAL TO L. M. MCCLINTIC

At a meeting of the Bar Association of Pocahontas County held on the 14th day of April, 1928, Andrew Price was appointed to prepare a tribute to Hon. L. M. McClintic, who departed this life April 12, 1928.

Thereupon Mr. Price addressed the association as follows:

Lockhart Mathews McClintic, for forty three years a member of the bar of Pocahontas County, was born April 12, 1860, and departed this life April 12, 1928, aged sixty eight years.

He was an able, honorable and upright man and a leader and chieftain of the mountains among which he spent his long and useful life.

He first saw the light of day in the village of Millpoint, W. Va. the oldest of a family of five sons. He came from a long line of Scotch-Irish ancestry. The pioneer was Alexander McClintic who settled in America in the year 1725 bringing with him his family including a son named William McClintic. This son came to Bath County, Virginia, about 1766, and he had a son named William McClintic, a soldier of the Revolution, who was the father of Moses McClintic, who had a son William Hunter McClintic. William H. McClintic married Mary Ann Mathews, the only child of Sampson Lockhart Mathews of Pocahontas County. Mrs. William H. McClintic was a great grand daughter of Major Jacob Warwick of the Revolution and a direct descendant of Col. Sampson Mathews, a colonial county lieutenant of Augusta County.

The five sons of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. McClintic were the subject of this memorial, E. D. McClintic of Seattle, Wash. Hunter McClintic, deceased, Withrow McClintic of Pocahontas County, and Judge George W. McClintic, of Charleston, federal judge.

L. M. McClintic was married in 1888 to Miss Alice Slavens at Huntersville, one of Pocahontas County's fairest and most amiable daughters. There were four children, Miss Mary M. McClintic, and Miss Alice McClintic, and Captain John H. McClintic, of Charleston, W. Va. A young son, George, who greatly resembled his father was the victim of a very distressing accident about twenty years ago from a horse, and died as a young boy.

Lock McClintic as he was known far and wide grew up on a farm. He was trained to farm work. He was tall and broad and hardly knew the limit of his own strength. He was devoted to the woods and was a noted hunter and fisherman as well as a close student of nature, and his love for the woods and streams was never abated through life. He was as much at home in the camp as he was in court.

His people were large landowners and engaged in farming and stock-raising, but it was realized that the love of learning that early developed in the sons called for educational facilities that were hard to provide in that day and time. So the family moved for purposes of schooling the sons to Salem, Virginia, to give the boys an opportunity to attend Roanoke College. It was here that they received the academic education that was well supplied by that ancient institution and Lock and Judge McClintic then took their law courses at the University of Virginia.

L. M. McClintic qualified to practice law in Pocahontas County October 23, 1888, and immediately attained an important practice which he maintained for more than forty years. He held many places of trust and importance but his eminence is due more to his proficiency in the profession of the law. He was a deep thinker, a wise counsellor, and an able advocate.

He was a giant in size and to the casual observer of a rather stern cast of features, but I have always noticed that little children saw him as he was and went to him without a fear. As a matter of fact he had a tender heart and a keen insight into the problems of youth and many remember his kindness and consideration, to them in the days of their youth. I am not so much younger than he but I owe him the memory of such kindness. I remember the first time that I saw him. I was a young boy and I stepped to him and shook hands with him, and I do not think I ever did that as a boy to any other stranger. When I came to

the bar, he had been practising for seven years and was prosecuting attorney of Pocahontas County. Some law suits gravitated to me. I had never been about a county seat. I had an idea that lawyers were natural born enemies of each other. The suits that had been entrusted to me were highly embarrassing for it has been said that if the blind lead the blind that disaster will overtake both. I took my courage in my hand and laid my problems before the older attorney and he showed me how to go on with them and in a short time I got more insight into the intricacies of the law than much schooling the universities could have given me. A slight rebuff at that time would have turned me away from the noble profession, and I have tried to live up his example with younger men ever since.

In passing it should be mentioned that a strong trait in his character was an inborn hate of cant and hypocrisy. He would get all there was out of a set of circumstances called a law suit, but he never advocated any measure or opinion that he did not fully believe and this gave him a high standing with the judges of the court, and without exception the courts have shown the utmost confidence in the honesty of his convictions. He was not much in the habit of classical quotation but he lived true to one of them, and that is an honest man is the noblest work of God.

He was exceedingly fond of reading. I mean by that the literature of yesterday and today. He was a close student of law with a very extensive library, but in his hours of ease he read continually and appreciated the beautiful thoughts of ancient and modern writers, and this greatly broadened and brightened his life.

I cannot go into infinite detail in this tribute. A book would not contain the noteworthy facts of his life. The imperishable records of the counties of West Virginia hold ample evidence for the work of any historian of the future who would write his life.

He was the senior member of the bar. The president of a great local bank. And elder in the Presbyterian Church. A Mason of many years standing. A kind and indulgent husband and father. A good friend. A worthy adversary. An honest man.

"Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er."

On motion adjourned.

N. C. McNEIL, President.

A. P. EDGAR, Secretary.

It is ordered that the foregoing Memorial be spread upon the Law Order Book of this Court.

S. H. SHARP, Judge.



Children of Jack and Allie Mc Clintie



Mary



Mary

George (Fordie)
Hunter
Mary



Hunter
Mary
Fordie



The Faculty and Senior Class
 of
 Lewisburg Seminary
 request the honour of your presence
 at their
 Commencement Exercises
 May twenty-first to twenty-sixth
 nineteen hundred and nine
 Lewisburg West Virginia

Carnegie Hall

Invitation to
 Mary's graduation
 at Lewisburg
 Seminary

1907

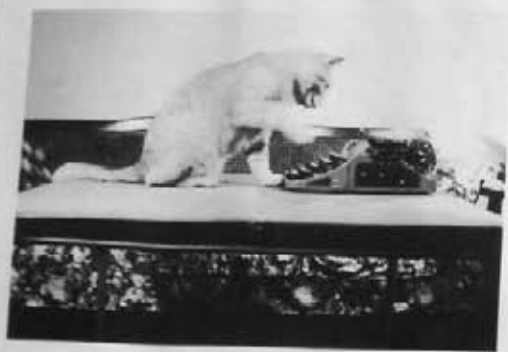


Mary Margaret McClinton 17 yrs.
and her sister
Alice Josephine - 3 yrs.

Ann Jarvis Edgar Mary M^c — Alice M^c Clintie



Reuben, Mary's cat



Mary's husband, Sam Henck



Mary
M^c Clintie
Henck



The Hencker home - It was formerly
J. M. M^c Clintie's law office, before an addition



S. N. HENCH

Samuel Nixon Hench, 77, of Marlinton died Wednesday, Nov. 22, 1961 in Huffer's Nursing Home in Sinton, Va., where he had been a patient two years.

Mr. Hench retired in 1940 after serving as superintendent at the Marlinton tannery. He also was general agent for the John Hancock Insurance Company.

A son of the late L. A. and Alice Hench, he was born June 6, 1874, at Pleasantville, Pa.

He received his education in Pennsylvania and was an elder in the Presbyterian Church for 64 years. He was given the congregational honor of Elder Emeritus in 1957 in the Marlinton Presbyter-

ian Church, the first in the Mar-
linton group of that church.

Survivors are his wife, Mrs. Mary McClintic Hench; a brother, Norman Hench, of Augusta, Ark.; a half-brother, Thomas Hench of Charleston; and two sisters, Mrs. Florence Hammer of Bedford, Pa., and Miss Ken Hench of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Funeral services were conducted at 2:30 p.m. Saturday in the Marlinton Presbyterian Church with the Rev. W. E. Pierce in charge. Burial was in Mountain View Cemetery where graveside rites were under the direction of Marlinton Lodge No. 127, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.

Mrs. S. N. Hench

Mrs. Mary McClintic Hench, 82, of Marlinton, died Sunday, February 18, 1973, at the Denmar State Hospital after a long illness.

Born at Huntersville July 7, 1890, she was a daughter of the late Lockhart and Allie Slavens McClintic.

She was a member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church and an active Sunday School teacher for many years, and was a retired deputy county clerk.

Her husband, Samuel Nixon Hench, and two brothers, George and John Hunter McClintic, preceded her in death.

Survivors include one sister, Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore, of Buckeye, and one niece, Mrs. Lockhart Moore Wyman, of Gahanna, Ohio.

Funeral services were held Tuesday morning in the Van-Resen Funeral Home Chapel by the Rev. Willis Cornelius, with burial in the Mountain View Cemetery.



Birthday party for Mrs. L. M. McClinton, held by her son, Hunter & his wife Jennie in
their
home
in
Gradston



Hunter - World War I





Look Allie Alice Hunter Dennis Mary





Marquerite Dennison M^{rs}. Clintie
and her husband,
Hunter M^{rs}. Clintie

Dodie and his chickens



Dodie



Hunter McClinton, son of L. M. & Allie Slaven Mc



The Jefferson Republican newspaper carries in each issue a Personality of The Week. Last week's issue featured a story about Miss Cart Lee Gardner Strider, Deputy Sheriff of Jefferson County, who has the distinction of being the first woman in West Virginia to serve in that capacity. The story was quite interesting and we're sorry we cannot reprint all of it. Miss Strider is a sister of Mrs. L. N. Strider of Clover Lick. Another personality of the last week — and one of our own — was M. L. M. McClinton of Marlinton. The Charleston paper contained a headline story relating that Mr. and Mrs. Hunter McClinton had entertained 30 house guests at an open house at their home on Kanawha Avenue in honor of Mr. McClinton's mother (Mrs. L. M.) who was celebrating her 81st birthday, and Mrs. Hunter McClinton's father, J. A. Denison of Stevens Ala., who was celebrating his 81st birthday.



Hunter and his wife, Dannie



S. N. March, Dannie, Jack Moma
Back row - Mary, Lottie Moore, Alice Moma
Hunter

Tributes for
George (Dodie) Mc Clintie

GINTA, JUNE 8, 1900

FATALLY INJURED.

Young Son of Hon. L. M. McClintie Dies as
Result of Fall from Horse.

The entire community was greatly shocked last Tuesday morning when the report was circulated that George McClintie, son of Hon. L. M. McClintie, was dead. Very few knew that he had been injured the day before and even those who knew were not acquainted with the seriousness of the injury.

Exactly how the accident happened no one is prepared to say. He, with his older brother John and Paul Yeager were in swimming in the early part of the afternoon and about two o'clock they started home. George was riding a horse and his two companions were walking some distance behind and out of the way. The two boys heard the running and on coming out the road they found George lying on the ground. He was carried to the house and doctors were summoned. An examination showed that after falling from the horse it had stepped on him with two of its feet and death was caused by internal injuries and hemorrhaging. Death occurred about ten o'clock Tuesday morning.

George was a very quiet boy and was the idol of his parents and all who knew him. He was just entering his thirteenth year, having passed the twelfth milestone of his life last January. Funeral services were conducted at the Presbyterian church Wednesday afternoon by Revs. Wm. T. Price, D. D., G. W. Nickell and Geo. P. Moore. As a mark of respect all the business houses were closed during the hour services were held and a large congregation was present at the church. The floral tributes were numerous and very beautiful. The service in which the deceased was laid out showing the sympathy of the entire community toward his sorrowing relatives.

A Memorial Tribute

Tuesday, June 5th, 11 a. m. 1900, George, second son of Hon. L. M. and Mrs. Allie McClintie, Marlinton W. Va., died in the 12th year of his age, at the home of his parents. On Monday he was thrown from his horse, receiving the injuries that terminated fatally. With heroic fortitude, George endured his sufferings and was calmly self possessed to the latest moments. He assured his devoted mother with his last remembered words that he was praying, and that he wanted everybody to be good. It was a touching instance when the person apparently most in need of consolation, should himself become the comforter, bringing to mind such Bible words as these. "But I would strengthen you with my mouth, and the solace of my lips should assuage your grief." Job, 16:5. As the tidings of George's death went abroad, the entire community, old and young were seemingly convulsed by sorrowful regrets, and the manifestations of heartfelt sympathy were deeply impressive. During the time occupied by the memorial exercises all business was suspended, and an immense audience assembled in and about the church, from far and near. The services were conducted by pastor G. W. Nickell, opened by Rev. G. P. Moore and Wm. T. Price. The immense procession attended the remains to the Marlinton Cemetery, the Pall Bearers being selected from George's young friends and schoolmates. The floral tributes were varied, exquisitely arranged, and too numerous for special mention. Of the hundreds who were present at the burial, none will ever forget the thrilling scene, of that sunset hour, and its tearful associations. Instead of sinking fast, the "latest sun" seemed to pause, and with beams of golden splendor, to point out silently but eloquently the way the ministerial angels on their snowy wings, had borne the redeemed soul of our much loved young friend. How may it be with us all, that when life's tedious day is over

May its departing ray,

In Memoriam.

Lines written to the memory of young George L. McClintie who was mortally hurt by a favorite horse, and soon after died on June fifth 1900, aged twelve years and five months.

Only a boy, and a fair young boy,
With promise of life in view;
So active of limb, so bright within,
So pleasant of face and true.

He moved about among us here,
We met him from day to day;
He sat with the children at the school,

And joined with them in play.
The sun shone on the paths of his years.

With never a cloud between;
But storms can blacken the bluest sky.

Then, Alas! how changed the scene.

A mortal hurt on a summer day,
And the gloom of darkness fell;
Unaven conflict with Death to win
And sadness Ah! who can tell?

But that youthful spirit rose up high,

And words of sweet comfort cast,
Such words as are treasured sacredly,

As long as this life shall last.

His simple religion, to be "good,"
What more can the wisest teach?
"I've prayed, Mamma," and we surely know,

That prayer did Heaven reach.
"Tell all the people they must be good,

"They must love the Lord and pray:

"And Mamma don't you cry so much,

"For I shall be well today."
And in the best sense the boy grew "well."

No more to suffer pain;
And nought that this earth can bring of harm

Should trouble him again.

His broken form was gently laid
'Neath the summer sod to rest;
But his happy soul had burst the bonds,

For the holy and the blessed.

A. L. P.



Alice



*Sometimes valuables are thrown
in the waste basket - by mistake.*

Once when Alice had done
something she shouldn't
have her father said "Alice,
if you do that again I'll
have to let your mother
spank you."



Alice with her mother and father



Alice with Hunter
and her mother



Alice
3 yrs. old



Alice and her father



Dear Santa Claus.
 I want you to bring me a big
 Teddy bear, and a ball.
 and I want you to bring me
 a doll, and a monkey
 that will climb a rope
 and one or two books
 and a jewelry box and a
 little knife, and a game
 of marbles
 Alice M. Clinton

Alice M. Clinton



West Virginia University

Sixtieth Annual

Commencement

Tuesday, June the Seventh
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN
TEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE
MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA



St. Mark's Cathedral
in
Venice

Taken when Alice went with a tour group
to Europe.



While Alice was visiting Hunter and Fernie in Charleston
this picture appeared in the Gazette -



Marlinton High School Faculty



Alice, Allie & Lockie



Bottom Row -
 Eda Pritchard -- Alice McMorris
 Top Row --
 -- Arnold Yeager, Principal
 Edith May
 Francis McElwee



Lockie



Junior Sponsors at a Prom
 Alice -- Francis McElwee



Alice and Jack



Back row - Guthrie McClinton - Hunter Mc
 Middle row - Mary Hensh, Alice Moore, Betty Mc
 Bottom row - Locke Moore Wynnon



Alice and Paddy

Jack Moore,
Alice's husband



Here's Diddy... ¹⁹⁷²

By Diddy Mathews Palmer

The conversation began with a weather discussion and ended, after a more-or-less logical progression of topics, on the subject of English teachers.

It went something like this:

"The weather forecasts printed in local newspapers baffle and fascinate me," someone said. "Like the one this morning, The Gazette reported that there would be 'rain changing to chance of snow'. If rain can change to 'chance of snow,' then what IS 'chance-of-snow'? It sounds to me as if 'chance-of-snow' is an intermediate element that falls from the sky after the rain stops and the real-McCoy snow starts..."

★ ★ ★

THIS REMINDED somebody else in the group of a book he was reading. "Speaking of weirdly-worded sentences, why do so many writers fall into the misplaced-modifier trap? This book I'm reading, written by a Charleston author, is full of misplaced modifiers. For example, the author says 'Jane spent all evening talking to people on the telephone that she hadn't seen in 30 years'... As I read it, the character in the novel hadn't seen the telephone in 30 years. Why had someone hidden it from her for three decades?"

And this reminded another person of her father's all-time favorite fouled-up sentence—one that he had read somewhere many years ago... "The day that the party was to be held that night dawned auspiciously."

★ ★ ★

FROM THE subject of poorly-constructed sentences, the conversationalists jumped to words and mispronunciation. Somebody said he had recently heard a TV actor pronounce "halcyon" as "hally-con"... And another said that in the current TV production of "Elizabeth R", the actress Glenda Jackson consistently uses the dictionary-silenced "t" in the word "often"... And another said it bothered him that no one ever pronounced the word "jodhpurs" right, invariably transposing the "h" and the "p" to pronounce the word "jod-fers" instead of "jod-pers"....

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"THERE MUST be no good English teachers left", sighed someone in the group. "The best one I ever had was Miss Alice McClintic, in Charleston High School. I wonder what became of Miss McClintic?"

And THIS part of the conversation reminded ME that I had a column to write, and that Miss Alice McClintic... whom I happened to know had been Mrs. Jack Moore since 1935... would be a good subject for this column's "I WonderWhat-Became-Of" series.

So off went a letter to Alice, dutifully relaying the above compliment and urgently requesting further information about her activities and whereabouts.



★ ★ ★ WHERE ARE THEY NOW (2)

Subject: Alice McClintic Moore

"If you write anything about me, please do not brag me up as you were doing in your letter", Alice writes from her home at Buckeye, Pocahontas County, West Virginia. "And don't you dare say I was 'the best English teacher Charleston High ever had', as you said in your letter. If you do, I'll drive down to Charleston and BITE you, so there."

"I was not so good a teacher as many others I can name", she continues. "Miss Jo Mathews, Miss Katie Belle Ahney and Miss Pearle Knight all were teaching at CHS when I was and they all helped me in many ways. And every year I taught, I learned a little more about how to teach."

★ ★ ★

ALICE GRADUATED from West Virginia University (where she roomed with a Charlestonian, the late Florence Lakin Deveny), taught in Marlinton for a year and then at CHS from 1928 to 1935. She married Jack Moore and moved to Morgantown.

"The year our daughter Lockhart, our only child, was born we moved to Marlinton and soon after that, I went back to teaching, at Marlinton High School," she said. I continued to teach there until June, 1966, when I retired, but continued to substitute there until last fall."

Lockhart was named for her grandfather, Lockhart Mathews McClintic, a brother of the late Judge George McClintic of Charleston. She is now Mrs. Bostwick Wyman, wife of a mathematics professor at Stanford University in California. Alice says that a friend once commented that it was undoubtedly the first time in the history of the world that a first-name Lockhart ever married a first-name Bostwick.

★ ★ ★

AS FOR their present activities, Alice and Jack are now obviously enjoying retirement. "We are both well and busy", she wrote. "We have three dogs, we feed birds, squirrels, rabbits, trout (Swago Creek flows through our backyard) and - inadvertently - a few raccoons and possums. Most of the time we stay at home, but we have flown to California to see Lockhart since she's been there. I think of myself as a very active woman... I walk dogs on the mountain, swim in Knapp Creek, work a large vegetable garden and, of course, keep house for Jack."

Alice also reads the Gazette every day. She says "I am a great admirer of L. T. Anderson and I also like James Dent and Miss Mary Walton. I've only one complaint about the Charleston paper: they need a proofreader for their Cryptogquip in the Sunday Magazine. Last week, a letter was omitted in a word, and the week before, two words should have been one."

★ ★ ★

THE LAST paragraph reveals another of Mrs. Moore's hobbies. She's a puzzle-worker, and that includes the Saturday Review's Double Crostics.

So now Alice's local friends and former students know a little of what she's been up to since she chickened-out of Charleston. She says, by the way, that her CHS classes included "such widely different students as Marshall Bucklew and Dickie Drumheller."

And I hope she will notice that I have not once said that she was the best English teacher Charleston High ever had, just as she requested. This should be a load off her mind and off mine, too: I can cancel the order I had placed with the Marlinton Muzzle-Maker and need have no further fear of being bitten.

The Charleston Gazette * Tuesday, March 7, 1972

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★ ★ ★

ALICE GRADUATED from West Virginia University (where she roomed with a Charlestonian, the late Florence Lakin Deveny), taught in Marlinton for a year and then at CHS from 1928 to 1935. She married Jack Moore and moved to Morgantown.

"The year our daughter Lockhart, our only child, was born we moved to Marlinton and soon after that, I went back to teaching, at Marlinton High School," she said. I continued to teach there until June, 1966, when I retired, but continued to substitute there until last fall."

Lockhart was named for her grandfather, Lockhart Mathews McClintic, a brother of the late Judge George McClintic of Charleston. She is now Mrs. Bostwick Wyman, wife of a mathematics professor at Stanford University in California. Alice says that a friend once commented that it was undoubtedly the first time in the history of the world that a first-name Lockhart ever married a first-name Bostwick.

★ ★ ★

AS FOR their present activities, Alice and Jack are now obviously enjoying retirement. "We are both well and busy", she wrote. "We have three dogs, we feed birds, squirrels, rabbits, trout (Swago Creek flows through our backyard) and - inadvertently - a few raccoons and possums. Most of the time we stay at home, but we have flown to California to see Lockhart since she's been there. I think of myself as a very active woman... I walk dogs on the mountain, swim in Knapp Creek, work a large vegetable garden and, of course, keep house for Jack."

Alice also reads the Gazette every day. She says "I am a great admirer of L. T. Anderson and I also like James Dent and Miss Mary Walton. I've only one complaint about the Charleston paper: they need a proofreader for their Cryptiquip in the Sunday Magazine. Last week, a letter was omitted in a word, and the week before, two words should have been one."

★ ★ ★

THE LAST paragraph reveals another of Mrs. Moore's hobbies. She's a puzzle-worker, and that includes the Saturday Review's Double Crosses.

So now Alice's local friends and former students know a little of what she's been up to since she chickened-out of Charleston. She says, by the way, that her CHS classes included "such widely different students as Marshall Buckalew and Dickie Drumheller."

And I hope she will notice that I have not once said that she was the best English teacher Charleston High ever had, just as she requested. This should be a load off her mind and off mine, too: I can cancel the order I had placed with the Marlinton Muzzle-Maker and need have no further fear of being bitten.

The Charleston Gazette* Tuesday, March 7, 1972

Alisa at school -



Alice and Jack's home



N. J. Moore

Norbert James (Jack) Moore, 75, of Route 1, Buckeye, died Thursday, February 12, 1976, in the Pocahontas Memorial Hospital. He had been in ill health the past year.

Mr. Moore was a retired employee of the Department of Highways.

He was a member of St. Catherine's Catholic Church at Roncoverte.

He was born near Kane, Pennsylvania, May 26, 1900, the son of John and Laura Weaver Moore.

Surviving him are his wife, Alice McClintic Moore, a daughter, Lockhart Moore Wyman, and two brothers, Marion and Harold Moore, preceded him in death.

Services were held at the VanHousen Funeral Home Saturday Morning by Father Edward McDermott with burial in Mountain View Cemetery.

Alice McClintic Moore

Alice McClintic Moore, 81, of Buckeye, died Saturday, March 29, 1986, in Allegheny Regional Hospital in Low Moor, Virginia.

She was a member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church.

She was graduated from West Virginia University, Middleburg College, and Breadloaf School of English. She taught in Charleston High School from 1928 to 1935. She later taught in Marlinton High School, retiring in 1966.

Born November 7, 1904, in Marlinton, she was the daughter of Lockhart Mathews and Nannie Alice Slaven McClintic.

Preceding her in death were her husband, N. J. Moore, in 1976; their daughter, Lockhart (Lockie) Moore Wyman, in 1973; a sister, Mary McClintic Hensch; and two brothers, John Hunter McClintic and George Lockhart McClintic.

Her only survivor is her cousin, Elizabeth (Betty) McClintic, of Washington, D. C., and Swago Farms, Buckeye.

Graveside services were held at 11 a. m. Monday by the Rev. Richard Newkirk in Mountain View Cemetery.

Alice McClintic and Jack Moore's daughter

Lockhart, Mrs. Clintic Moore - 6 mos. old



Rockie, 1 yr. old





Lockie Moore





Lockie





Lockhart & Bostwick's
wedding



Bostwick's brother Alice, Betty, Bo sisters
Bostwick, Lockie, Jack, B's
mother.





Lockie
at
Wellesley



Lockie.
wearing
her
grandmother's
wedding
dress
(Allie
Slaven's
dress)

Maxlinton High School cheer leaders



Pat Sharp

Lochis

Janie Sharp

Barbara Bruemage





Lochie and Bostwick Wynne

ATTEMPTS

by

LOCKIE

I love the sultry heat of summer nights
and yet it lacks the power to drug my soul.
I grow more discontent; each breeze incites
my restive spirit to an unknown goal.

I know not my desires nor their strange force;
I think I search for things one never sees.
I pray I'll someday recognize their source;
Life holds too many unsolved mysteries.

I stand in wind. No longer tame,
My soul will soar from out my frame
To far beyond the struggling world.
It flies forever free--and then,
Despite the heights where it was hurled,
It silently returns again
As after day a flag is furled.

Unless imprinted on my brain
My memories will depart.
And yet, if certain things occur,
Despite time's tendency to blur,
They will return, just as before
Awakened in my heart.

I stand benumbed, completely still
And wonder where and when
This situation first took place.
Remembrance brings me face to face
With things death only can erase--
Though they may fade again.

You feel you understand yourself
But I am filled with doubt.
For turbulence can rule within
While calm is seen without.

You think yourself inscrutable
But I for one can see
Myself in you, and how confused
I know us both to be.

Between unlike emotions
Division's never great.
Too often blind devotions
Are intertwined with hate.

Pain's woven tight with pleasure
And courage born of fear;
Hard laboring and leisure
Are varied, yet not clear.

When all these things I ponder
I'm thankful for my breath
because I can but wonder
How close life is to death.

You say I am bound for perdition,
And that I deserve endless hell.
Do you judge by your own damned condition?
When did you come to know me so well?

It's useless to blame and abuse me.
When you purse up your lips and you nod
I can laugh. Who are you to accuse me?
We will answer together to God.

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Mrs. B. F. Wyman

Mrs. Lockhart McClintie Moore Wyman, 32, died Wednesday, November 7, 1973, at her home in Gahanna, Ohio.

Mrs. Wyman was born in Morgantown August 13, 1941, the daughter of N. J. and Alice McClintie Moore.

She was a graduate of Marlinton High School and Wesley College with a Master's degree from the University of North Carolina, and further work on her doctorate.

Surviving her are her parents, of Buckeye, her husband, Boatwick F. Wyman, and a cousin, Miss Betty McClintie of Washington, D. C.

Services were held Sunday afternoon by the Rev. Willis Cornelius in the VanRensen Funeral Home Chapel, with burial in the Mountain View Cemetery.

Love--the most ephemeral of emotions
It comes, it surges, strikes its peak--
begins to fade.
Then suddenly, as storms abate, it dies,
Leaving only emptiness and discontent
Accompanied by some small amount of pain.

Some people strive for self esteem
Some fight for freedom's sake.
But I have battled nameless foes
With everything at stake.

My enemies are agony,
Blind rage beyond control.
So tell me not of earthly fights
When I've fought for a soul.

Lovely upheaval of slumbering life,
Bringer of beauty, new hopes and new dreams,
My spirit exults in thy power to end strife
To transform me like sunlight that glitters
and gleams
And flashes like diamonds on fast flowing
streams.

Perhaps in the future when youth has grown
dim
And I've had my full measure of pleasure
and pain
I'll write a new song to the fall; but this
hymn
I'll shout to the heavens till two breaths
remain
And stand laughing alone in the soft April
rain.

In Memoriam

George W. McClintic





Withrow M^c Clintie

His wife, Elizabeth (Bessie) Phillips
M^c Clintie



The many friends of Withrow McClintie were surprised to learn that he had taken unto himself a bride. He was quietly married to Miss Elizabeth Phillips last Wednesday at the home of the bride in the upper end of the county. An immense crowd was at the station Wednesday afternoon to see the bride and groom. A reception was tendered them at night at the home of his brother, L. M. McClintie, at this place.